The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 2.

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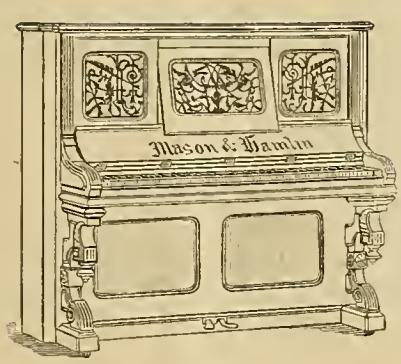

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ESTABLISHED 1880.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

On account of the intended destruction of this building, 31 East 17th Street, (between 4th Ave. and Broadway), where I have been established for many years, my address after May 1st, will be

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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THE PRELUDE rejoices to note so distinct a mark of progress in the policy of our College as the recent change in the rules for permissions. By vote of the Academic Council, Seniors and third and fourth year Specials are privileged to leave College at any time not conflicting with recitation appointments, without obtaining permission, simply registering in books provided for the purpose at each of the college houses. One limitation only is made, referring to cases in which the presence of a chaperone is necessary, when the heads of houses are to be consulted. Such times include evening entertainments, visits to men's colleges, and evening travel necessitated by excursions.

By this arrangement, aside from the great convenience afforded to Seniors and third and fourth year Specials in not being obliged to procure permissions, the feeling of added liberty experienced by such students is deemed a great gain by them. And although they appreciate the privilege granted them, they cannot but feel the accompanying responsibility, and strive to show themselves worthy of the trust which has been reposed in them.

Each year brings some extension of the liberty granted to the students, who in their turn must rise to the level of the demands made upon them. This last change is a radical one, but as yet it applies only to a small proportion of the students, and we must still look forward to the time when the entire College may enjoy so valuable a privilege.

Wellesley's elective system has been broadened by the change in the requirement of Bible study. The study of the Bible has always been a distinct feature of the Wellesley curriculum, and numerous changes in the method of prosecuting the study have been found advisable since the founding of the College, each aiming to make Scripture study of more use to the students. By the latest change, Bible study is still required, but now to Juniors and Seniors a choice is given as to the manner in which to carry it on.

To Seniors four courses are open, the first of which is Course II. in Greek Testament, possible for all Seniors who have successfully completed Course I. of Classical Greek. It includes study of the Book of Acts and the writings of St. Paul, and lectures to supplement the work. Miss Knox offers a course of study of the Apostolic Church, and the general subject of the course conducted by Miss Whiting is "The Christian Church of the First Century." A course offered by Miss Morgan comprises the study of Acts, the Epistles, and Revelation and the contrast between Christianity and the other principal religions.

To Juniors five courses are open. Miss Lord offers a course in the study of the gospels, following in outline Edersheim's Life of Jesus, and using for text in class the Latin Vulgate. Course I. in

Greek Testament is open to all Juniors who have successfully completed Course I. in Classical Greek. The work will consist of lectures and readings from the four gospels. The class will prepare work on the life and teachings of Christ according to assigned topics. Miss Stratton and Miss Scudder offer courses in the Life of Christ, and Miss Coman will conduct a course in "The Christ in Prophecy and in the Gospel of John."

Scripture Ethics, (Phil. II.) an elective course in Bible work, using the text book, "The Origin and Destiny of Man," by Miss A. E. F. Morgan, open to Special students, will be conducted by Miss Morgan.

BECKYTOWN.

A swift mountain stream, a shaded path through thick wood, a clump of blackberry bushes bearing luscious fruit, and nailed to a tree, the sign in black letters, "Beckytown!" There was no stir of active life, no main street of a busy town, no market where thrifty housewives were driving bargains for the freshest vegetables; no loafers at street corners, no sign of human habitation. I paused in my solitary walk. Could a fate similar to that which overtook Pompeii have overwhelmed this so-called Beckytown? Would excavations open to the eyes of the archæological world an underground city which had been destroyed ages ago? Regarded as a mountain solitude far from the busy, working world, this spot, so secluded, so woodsy, was natural and delightful. When considered in the light of a town, the silence became oppressive, the woods grew mournful, a weird, uncanny spirit brooded over the place. A town without people, a city without the sign of life! Beckytown!

I walked musingly along through the pines, skipped on the stones across the river, on and on, pondering the anomaly, until I came out from the sombre woods upon an open meadow, where the fragrant hay lay scattered in patches, and the harvesters were lying beneath a gnarled apple-tree, enjoying the noon-hour. I approached the group, and responded to a hearty "Good-day, Sir," from one of the number. I seized this opportunity to unravel the Beckytown mystery. The following is in substance what I then learned.

Many years ago there had lived in that solitary spot beside the river an aged couple. Their home was a tiny, log hut which nestled among the pines. There they dwelt summer and winter, amid the beauties of emerald-green woods, or surrounded by the solitary grandeur of snow-clad and ice-bound mountains. They enjoyed no companionship but nature and their own mutual society. They were miles from any human habitation. Their only neighbors were the water-nymphs and wood spirits, the chipmunks, crows and frogs.

Aunt Becky, for so she was called, presented a weird figure as she bent over the berry bushes, culling the fruit for their evening meal,—a very petite woman she was, with bent shoulders and wrinkled face. Her eyes were lustrous and dark, the only remnant of a delicate beauty faded long ago. She wore a gown of gray print, and a large poke sun-bonnet of the same material shaded her face. Every morning Becky might have been seen sitting on a stone by the river-bank, crooning to herself in half-audible, half-suppressed tones, "My child! my son!" An involuntary groan would follow, and so the morning passed. Every afternoon Becky started out, laden with sketching umbrella, easel and paint-boxes, to select some choice spot for her work, curious and incongreous as it may seem, that reserved, solitary little old woman was artistic to the very heart. She was listless until her easel was set up, and then her eye brightened, her color heightened. Her hand shook until it grasped the brush, and then it made masterful strokes—firm and free and true. She quivered with excitement while she was at her work. When the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, Becky would pack up her materials and creep back to the hut through the woods again. She looked like a mis-shapen witch as she rambled home in the growing dusk.

Becky's husband had philosophical tendencies. The story runs that when he carried grain to the mill, he was in the habit of increasing the weight, already too great for his feeble body, by adding thereto a rock. When, at last, the load became unbearable, he would discard the rock from his pack, thus experiencing such relief from the lightened weight as to feel the burden scarcely at all. Twice a week he frequented the town some

miles distant. Sometimes he would carry, to be shipped to the great city far, far away, a box of Becky's pictures, labelled "Handle with care." At each return from the town he was met by Becky with the formula which had been thus repeated for thirty years. "Any news, David?" A slow shake of his head would confirm her despair.

There was evidently a mystery about Becky. She was taciturn and often bitter, disappointed with the world, in harmony only with the still creation about her. She loved the woods, the mountains and her art,—but people, friends, never! Why had she chosen life as monotonous as circumscribed, as that of the hermit of old? Had her only well-beloved son gone astray in the great city which she now hated and feared? Had he embittered her life? By a strange fate, the place of her wild abode had received a name which signifies a center of life, activity and usefulness.

One sultry August night, ominous clouds gathered over the mountains. The wind sighing in the pines rose to a shrill shriek. The rolling thunder came nearer and nearer. Echo answered to echo. The lightning was blinding in the vividness. It was a wild night and destruction was abroad in the land. A tremendous cloud burst sent torrents of rain and wind sweeping down the warmer valley. The little hut with its two occupants lay straight in the path of the furious storm. Annihilation was imminent, was sure. The overpowering force of the wind dislodged rocks and trees from the top of the mountatns, and carried them down in a huge mass, collecting new debris at each advance. It was such a storm as surpasses the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, and lives in the memory of the youngest child. In the morning the beautiful valley was a scene of complete desolation. Not a trace of the hut was to be seen among the piles of debris along the banks of the river.

That was many, many years ago. Time has now obliterated all signs of rain. The valley is green and beautiful again, the river flows cheerfully and gaily along, the mountains rise clear against a blue sky, but the bent figures of Becky and her husband are no longer to be seen in their old haunts. There is no Becky to glide back every night through the shadows to the little hut, no Becky to crouch among the black-berry bushes, no Becky to reproduce nature upon canvass, no Becky to inquire for news from the distant city—and yet the name still lingers in the valley and this legend is still related there. Beckytown is a recognized spot today among the White Mountains.

Mary W. Carter, '91.

DAISIES, YELLOW AND WHITE.

Young Cupid, with quiver swung over his dimpled shoulder, and on his mouth a smile of baby grace, floated in the morning air, lightly poised on slender wings. The earth looked as glad and young as he, in the light freshness and eternal purity of her summer robes. Her garment was sprayed with delicate bells and fairy flowers and her head crowned with a wreath of oak and maple leaves.

Just underneath the child of the Gods was spread the embroidered hem of earth's garment. And as little Cupid let fall the lids, to keep from out his eyes the glowing drops of an especially hot stream of sun-water, he spied beneath him something fair enough to fix even his capricious glances. Two of earth's children had wandered in play to this loveliest spot of all, and were frolicking on the robe which could neither tear nor wrinkle. Two little heads nestled close together, one yellow as gold star-coins in Night's deep pocket and waving in silky fluffiness, the other hidden by rich brown curls, any one of which the squirrel might have stolen, mistaking it for the nut he loved the best. Master Squirrel, however, would have stowed it away in his cheek, but man, the wiser, would have hidden it in his heart.

The faces of these wee maidens were quite lost to view and Cupid longed vainly to see the gems which must be concealed under those silken and velvet covers. Gently he called to the lowly maidens and they drew closely to each other and whispered consciously. Gayly he whistled and lightly did their laughter float upwards to his ear. Then a song of eager, wooing love burst from Cupid's rosy lips. But gayly bent the little heads lower and lower. Now Cupid was lazy—he would not fly to them. And Cupid was proud—he could not kneel at their slender feet and look up into their twinkling eyes.

But Cupid was a sportsman and he chose an arrow white as purity, wound about its pointed tip a thread of his own soft golden hair and aimed it at the little yellow head below. Mayhap the wee maid in pretty fright would look up at him imploringly! But the wisdom of the world was tucked away in one corner of the little maiden's heart. She knew that the arrow was fair as a pearl in its resting-place just over one of her dainty ears. She liked this gleeful frolic. And Cupid, too, turned artist. He saw the beauty of the picture and aimed the glittering shafts with delicate precision till Golden-hair at last stood crowned with purity like pearls.

But Cupid's picture was but half completed now. Now he dips a handful of the white arrows into the sunrays of his bath and draws them out coated and dripping with gold. Arrow after arrow flies down and lights with the grace of a hummingbird among the brown curls. Now both are proven of the blood royal—one, princess of purity, the other, queen of love.

Yet Art has banished love from fickle Cupid's heart—they say it does from men's. A glance at the finished work so fair is enough. Away he skims to some other playful pastime. And Daisies white and yellow stand lonely—queens, it is true, but not of that fairest realm which life may know, not queen of hearts.

Charlotte T. Sibley, '91.

THE LOST SONG.

Oh, sad-eyed world, weary and tempest-tossed!
Oh, Heart of Life quick, throbbing, ne'er at rest!
Somewhere within the hidden years was lost
The meaning of a song. A song the west
In golden rythmed music sings, and night
With dusky fingers on the gilded light

Of stars still plays. A strange, a mystic strain,
As though some ancient god on harp of gold
Would weave from heaven-born song a wonderous chain
To bind the world. All humblest flowers hold
An echo of that song, in hearts long won
To love by morning kisses of the sun.

The sea that holds all secrets of our days,
Their restless pain, all shadows of the night
There dreamless sleep is ours, in unknown ways,
Or where its lips deep passion thrilled and white
Caress the silent shore, doth sing for aye
The song our hearts shall learn some coming day.

Oh, Heart of Life, be brave, speak, hope, and wait!
Full clear the song of truth and love is heard,
And e'er death's mystic, shadow-hidden gate
Its portals ope, some sweetly-echoed word
Of that great song shall speak to thee
The love divine that fills earth, sky and sea.

A. S. W., '91.

MISS PETERMAN.

"No young woman in this school shall look or smile at a young man during school-hours."

"No young man in this school shall have any correspondence by look or by word, wrttten or spoken with any young woman during school-hours."

These were the rules of conduct which Miss Peterman had provided for the pupils in her private school, rules from which there was no manner of turning. Fifty years of storm and sunshine had passed over Miss Peterman's head and as yet her affections were untried and her heart all her own. She was wont to say: "the heart of each human being is an unknown sea which must not be ventured upon till one has arrived at years of discretion,"—a goal which she had not yet reached.

Painful pecuniary necessity compelled Miss Peterman to take scholars of both sexes into her school, but it was against her judgment and something had to be done to remove every possibility of the slightest flutter of love in any indiscreet maiden's breast, or to prevent the chance of the birth of any special liking in any boyish heart. The foregoing cruel rules were finally decided upon as the best safeguard and were read every morning to the susceptible assemblage.

No, Miss Peterman was no longer young but, with a sigh and a struggle, was she giving up, or rather, clinging to, the charms of young life. Little unruly wisps of white hair peeped out between the crisp waves of the golden false front and the beautiful shining switches; there was a mysterious clicking of the teeth and a tell-tale seam between the dentist's celluloid and nature's

original and rightful foundation. (Who ever before heard of a foundation on top?) There were rumors that the cheeks so plump and peachy were made plump by mysterious things called plumpers concealed in the mouth, and were made peachy by arts and machinations of deceitful man. Gum-chewing was positively forbidden in her school, yet Miss Peterman was chewing all the time: medicine, she said it was, perscribed by her physician for dyspepsia. Report said, opium— and report always has at least a grain of truth for seed.

But, withal, Miss Peterman was a goodly person to look upon. Retreat from her a distance of some two score feet: throw about her the gentle light of mystery; (we knew naught of her past history, but she wore a large gold watch and always wiped away a tear when she looked at it,) and remember that she came from Kentucky, the land of beautiful women; and a certain dignity of carriage would impress you, a certain daintiness and sadness of garb would attract you, and a certain cultured arching of the nose and flash of the eye would hold you.

Miss Peterman was honest; not from policy, not for effect, not because it was right, but because she loved to be. Rules of conduct she drew up for herself and for her pupils, and to these rules she was honor itself. No weariness of the flesh, no longing for recreation could come between herself and her duty to herself; no form of favoritism, no pleading for mercy could come between herself and her duty to her pupils. Her schoolroom walls were hung with many colored mottoes. "Children, obey your Parents." "Without honor, life is mere existence." "Honesty is the best policy." "To obey is better than sacrifice." Honesty demanded strict obedience from her pupils; disobedience demanded justice; justice meant severity: severity with her meant disgrace.

She was an original woman. Her ideas of love were original; her mode of dress was original; her system of rewards was original; her rules for her school were original. She proved to me conclusively that there was something new under the sun, for surely such a one as she never lived before.

"Learn the lesson that I give you word for word; when you come to class, you come to tell me what the author has told you. I will not have your thoughts on the subject; I will not have his thoughts distorted by your poor language and rhetoric. Word for word must your lessons be learned, I will have thoroughness,"—Ah, that was her hobby, a so-called thoroughness. Her style of dress was a thorough make-up. No half-hearted, little, false frizz, but a complete wig; no single, little, false tooth, but a whole set; no timid application of powder, but a generous rouge. She was thoroughly politic, thoroughly original. Her little system of school-room spies, secret monitors, was as complete in its way as was that of Augustus of Rome. If ever she loved, we predicted that the happy man would be carried off his feet by the ardor of her affection.

She did fall in love. Toward the close of the year the new administration at Washington placed a new master in our new post-office. Americus Harmon, a quiet, reticent, little, old widower was the man to come from the ranks of common citizens to fill this high post. This political position brought no small social demands upon him, and the thought that it was not good for man to live alone impressed itself so deeply on his mind, that he finally asked our Miss Peterman to share his salary and reign as queen over his heart.

Her heart had met its own at last. Americus' thin gray locks resolved themselves into a halo of silvery light; his ruddy cheeks glowed for her with the bloom of youth; the specks of dust and spots of grease on his broad-cloth coat were his little individualities and betrayed a likeness to the great Sam Johnson. He was timid and spoke but little, but it was her labor of love to win a glance or a word of affection.

"Were he demonstrative, I should have reason to doubt his constancy," and she was safe in the thought that to her alone did he utter words of love.

They were married after a brief but thorough courtship. Then was Americus Harmon made to feel the honesty, the originality, the thoroughness which made up the character of his newly-wedded wife. So thoroughly was she in love with her husband that she felt all their interests were one, and took all the home and business cares upon herself.

The silvery halo soon resolved itself into common hair, and was soon cropped short. Tea, coffee and "all stimulants" were removed from the board and Americus lost his ruddy bloom of youth, and the Johnsonese specks gave way to a strong odor of benzine and turpentine. Mrs. Harmon's wig was laid aside, the sallow cheeks, deprived of their fresh, young color and of the distending plumpers, clung shrinkingly to the toothless gums; the dainty dresses gave way to severe black and brown wrappers.

"I will deceive the world no more; I will be my true self."

To Americus' dim eyes, the true self was wholly without the enchantment possessed by the golden hair, the bright cheeks, the happy smile which went to make up the other self; and the sad little verse of his Virgil school-boy days

"Mutabilis semper femina."

came home to him with all the agony of experience and realization.

M. W. Perrin, '91.

THUS FAR.

Because my life has lain so close to thine,
Because our hearts have kept a common beat,
Because thine eyes turned towards me frank and sweet,
Reveal sometimes thine untold thoughts to mine,
Think not that I, by curious design,
Or over-step of too impetuous feet,
Could desecreate thy soul's supreme retreat,
Could disregard its quivering bárrier-line.
Only a simple Levite, I, who stand
On the world's side of the most holy place,
Till, as the new day glorifies the east,
One come to lift the veil with reverent hand,
And enter with thy soul s soul face to face,—
He whom thy God shall call to be high priest.

Ellen Burroughs.

Overland Monthly, July, 1887.

SEPTEMBER.

Within thine azure eyes thy lover sees
Exquisite dreams and rapturous content,
And marvels not that happy Summer, spent,
Sleeps, like a little child, against thy knees.

Margaret Steele Anderson.

ONE OF BOSTON SIGHTS.

THE CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

We were a party of six:—our kind chaperon, four girls, and the Surgeon of the Navy who so courteously showed us around the Yard.

The Bunker Hill Monument had been our place of meeting and from there we walked to the Navy Yard. Its high, forbidding stone wall, extending along Chelsea street for nearly half a mile seemed to shut in its own world, and shut out the rest of life in regular, mediæval style. We wondered how we were to gain entrance, but soon our guide led us to a heavy iron door, deep buried in the wall. Upon a little round piece of brass he gave a signal. Up like a flash this went, a guard looked out, the pass-word was given, down went the brass, and the door opened, revealing the stiff sentinel, saluting, and the passage-way which led us into the Yard.

The grounds of the Yard cover about eighty acres. During the Civil War, the Charlestown Navy Yard was a busy place. Now it seems to be resting a little from its labors. Congress has, however, appropriated fifty-thousand dollars as a beginning for its equipment in the newest machinery, and it is expected to enter soon into more active service.

What first met our eyes, as we entered the ground, was a space covered with old guns, placed row after row, coffin-like. They had been sold for old iron. Styles change in guns too, and these had "gone out."

In the city, we had found the head almost unbearable, but here in the yard, it was delightfully cool. The fresh sea-breeze, the shade of the old elms and oaks, and the calm peace abiding in massive stone buildings formed a great contrast to the hot, weary world outside.

First we visited the Museum. We would have lingered here all the afternoon, could we have spared the time. Such odd, old pictures; strange curiosities brought by sailors from all parts of the world; Indian war weapons, beautiful pieces of embroidery, models of ships, home and foreign. One of the things which interested us particularly was a little ship, full rigged. We supposed it was of ivory, but the label said it was the work of an ingenious convict and was made of *beef bones.*

Among the buildings there is a prison where at present forty men are confined for misdemeanor. The longest term is three years, but what makes it almost inhuman, is the fact that the prisoners are allowed no work, and have to pass their time in idleness.

As the Methodist ministers used to do, the Navy officers change their posts of service every three years: as the powers above declare, they are now sent on long cruises, now established in some port at home.

After seeing the Museum, we made our way to the "Wabash" a ship which served in the last war. Anchored in the harbor, it is now used only as a Receiving Ship. Here the recruits to the Navy are examined, here also, on its broad upper deck, the officers hold their balls. This boat is nearly as long as our Main Building. A good idea of its size is gained from the fact that it is held in place by ten anchors, each weighing about ten thousand pounds. To reach the ship, we had to take a little journey in a sort of "house-boat." It must have been a rocking process, judging from momentary sensations when we reached firm footing again. We were saluted on, saluted off the little boat by the straight-backed young officer in charge, and salutations of like character greeted us on our arrival on board the ship. The sailors, in their white suits, looked very comfortable, and as we visited the three different decks, we came across them in all sorts of positions and occupations. Some playing dominoes, some sewing, some embroidering—(and we learned that in that art many of them excel)—some at work, while others were sleeping soundly in a quiet corner of the ship, on hard benches, or the still harder floor. We saw the berth deck, the hooks where the men sling their hammocks, the mess-tables, now closed and put overhead, and, at the end of the deck, the little airy hospital which seemed almost to invite sickness. The captain's apartments we viewed from afar. He is the only officer who is allowed to have his family on board, and, in this case, the family is rather numerous, consisting of seven children. Our guide took us to the Officers' room and presented us to the officers who were there. Along the sides of this room and opening into it, were the private rooms of the officers. One of them kindly showed us his own apartment. It was small, truly, but very prettily furnished. Life on ship-board did not seem so hard after all. We were loathe to leave the shipa nd the courteous officers, but our time was short and we still had many things to see. The Rope-walk next claimed our attention,—not the *Blondine* kind of a rope-walk, but a low building, a quarter of a mile long, where they make rope for the use of the Navy. The works were not going, but the officer in charge kindly took us through the different rooms, and we saw what would be each step in the process, up to the final result—rope. In another building we saw them making wire-rope. On a point below this place, we were told of a spot of historical interest. There the British landed before the battle of Bunker Hill. The most interesting of all the sights, perhaps, was the making of the iron anchor chains:—first, the cutting of the old iron,—a great machine remorselessly chewing large pieces into bits; then the melting, and, at last, the forging of the bars into links. Though elsewhere the Yard was cool, here the heat was sufficient. Into red-hot coals they plunged the bars, until, taking it out as red-hot, they pounded it into shape. The sparks flew fast and the men threw all their strength into their blows. There came the testing of the chain. It was placed into a little groove, and then pulled by heavy weights, lest haply there might be an imperfect link.

On our way back to the gate of the Yard, we passed the Granite Dry Dock. This is one of the finest in the United States. It cost over a million of dollars and, as we looked at the great granite steps, going down so deep, at its fine arrangements for letting in and shutting out the water, we did not wonder at the cost. We had seen a model in the Museum, but this great reality filled us with astonishment. Though we had by no means seen all the sights of the Yard, our time was nearly up, and we were obliged to go.

So we bade the officer, who had so kindly shown us around, adieu, and soon found ourselves once more on the street side of the high wall.

We felt as if we had had a glimpse into a world different from our own, into another side of varied human-life.

M. L. D., '90.

And so Puckle is a thing of the past at Wellesley! This is the surprised exclamation which reaches our ears, as the upper-class girls look about to greet old friends, and to learn what and how many are the changes which the opening year brings with it. As a last tribute, to that which bids fair to become, no longer a near and actual acquaintance, but merely a memory, we print the following lines.

A SONG FOR SCIENTIFICS.

TUNE: Eton boat-song.

There comes to my mind this evening
The story which you shall hear
Of a much be-Puckled maiden,
And her woefully sad career.

CHORUS.

O we'll all fall together—
We may never have failed before;
But we'll all fall together,
Ere the Puckle exam. is o'er!

She took a straight line to the circle;
Slipped in by Equation's door;—
When (alpha) a went off on a tangent,
She vowed she would toil no more.—CHO.

Just then a Directrix met her,
A threatening Pole at his side—
"You'll have to find me that Polar,
Or stem an x "tide!" he cried.—CHO.

She struggled long with a Normal,—
Shed many a briny tear,
Whenever she found a statement,
"'Tis plain to the reader here."—CHO.

The Axes spun like a pin-wheel;
The Origin lost his place,
When the Curve without any Center
Went wandering off into space.—CHO.

At last, an Asymptote caught her
And carried her off to sea;
But we and the Curve shall meet her
Some day at Infinity.—CHO.

Men thought her a comet speeding
Out up through the midnight air;
But the brilliant light was caused by
A small "yellow note" in her hair.

CHORUS.

O, we'll all stand together,
As we never have stood before!
O, we'll all stand together,
For the Puckle exam. is o'er!

An aspirant for B. S., '92.

MIRTH.

Mirth, I hail thee! dimpled elf,
Fain I'd keep thee for myself;
Now thou'st slipped away from me,
From my clumsy holding free.
See, the merry race begins,
Now the one, now to'ther wins.
Eyes so blue, and curls so yellow,
Footsteps light and laughter mellow
Now I have thee--now thou'rt gone,
Flitting o'er the dewy lawn
While the sky is flushed with dawn.
Birds are singing, all the air
Thrills with sweetest melody,
Woods are ringing, all things fair
Join in matins to the sky.

Next my merry, little guide
Leads me where the violets hide
Nestling by the brooks cool side.
Swinging censers, sweet and rare
How their perfume fills the air!
Floating up to God on high,—
Tokens of humility.

Deeper down the massy dell
Limpeth one I know full well;
Sister to my jolly fay,
There I met her one sad day.
Now I fain would flee away,
For she pleaseth not my mood,
She doth love the shaded wood
Where tall branches interlace,
Shutting out the sun's bright face.
Pensively she swingeth low
On a willow, to and fro.
Dreamily the brook doth flow.
Melancholy! thou art sweet,
But for other days more meet,
Days when shadows lengthening fall,
And a soft haze over all
Meeteth sky and earth together,
Days of purple Autumn weather.

Now the cool, crisp zephyrs meet me
Laden with sweet blossom's breath,
And the daisies smile to greet me
Where they star the grassy heath.
Mirth, I yield to thy control.
I am with thee, heart and soul,
Mischief-loving, happy fellow!
Eyes so blue and curls so yellow,
Heart so light and laughter mellow.

Rose Howe, '86.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE loss of Miss Carrie Frost from the Board of Editors of the PRELUDE will be greatly regretted. Miss Frost is proposing to become a member of '92, and has therefore resigned her post as Special Editor.

THE Symphony Concerts seem to be very popular this year, as there has been a far greater demand for tickets than in past years. Miss Edwards has kindly consented to act as chaperone during the year.

MISS Sophie Thorn is leaving the ranks of the Specials and studying to join '92.

OF the eighteen who entered '94 last year, ten only remain as Advanced Freshmen. Four have not returned, and four have entered '93.

WABAN, after a week of domestic unhappiness, caused by the absence of a cook, has at last succeeded in filling her place.

MISS Barrows, Miss May, Miss Godfrey, and Miss Burgess of '90, and Miss Severance, formerly a student at Wellesley, paid a flying visit here last week.

MISS Cora Stewart, former president of the Special organization, spent Sunday at Freeman. She will return to Wellesley for the spring term.

MISS Mary Howe and Miss Mary Stewart of '88, were at Norumbega for the Sabbath.

MISS Mabel Norton, formerly of '90, has been spending a week at Waban.

THERE has been much amusement caused, and not a little inconvenience, by the appearance in the Freshman class of two young ladies, each bearing the name of Olive Elizabeth Smith. One can more easily imagine than relate the blunders which resulted. One of the young ladies, however, much to the relief of all concerned, has adopted a new middle name, replacing the Elizabeth by Chapman.

THE new course in Domestic Economy is very popular. It has only one drawback, that all the girls who elect it are immediately branded as engaged.

MISS Whiting gave a very pleasant reception to the freshmen, on the first Saturday evening of the term, in the Faculty parlor. The guests enjoyed themselves so much that, before they were aware, it was silent time and they were left in utter darkness. Perhaps the Freshmen innocently imagined that the Faculty, as well as the dreaded Sophomores were given to hazing.

MRS. Durant has presented to Freeman Cottage two tall banquet lamps for the dining-room. They are a great improvement on the student lamps which have lighted the tables before this,—more useful and far more ornamental.

FIVE students, under the chaperonage of Miss Laura Jones, are to room in the Art Building. They will take their meals at Freeman

MISS Kin Kato has a successor this year in the person of Miss O Sugiye Tatzu, of Hiroskima, Japan, who has entered as a Special student.

THE Freeman Club has been reoganized, and Miss Myrtilla Avery has been appointed first chairman.

MISS Inez De Lashmutt, who has been spending the summer abroad, is expected to return to college about the first of October.

A VERY charming and informal tea was given by Mrs. Paul in her room in College Hall, on Saturday afternoon. The honored guest of the occasion was Miss Peabody of Cincinnati, and the favored few who were invited were almost all western girls.

THERE is a new addition to the green-house—a Jamaica ginger plant. This is disbelieved by some members of the college, but those who do not credit its existence may go to the green-house and be convinced by the evidence of their own eyes.

THE portrait of Mrs. Palmer, which was presented to the college last spring by Professor Horsford, is now on exhibition at the Boston Art Museum.

LAST Saturday evening witnessed a gay candy-pull at Simpson, in honor of the birthday of Miss Bettie Keith. Much fun and much burning of fingers resulted, in addition to a not inconsiderable quantity of delicious molasses sticks.

COTTAGE street has developed a new and original kind of domestic work. The housekeeper has a baby, and each girl in turn finds occupation in taking care of the infant, while its mother is engrossed by the household duties.

THE Junior class has elected a committee for the purpose of selecting leaders for the class prayer meetings, instead of having the officers lead, as has been the custom hitherto. The committee will also make general arrangements in regard to the prayer meetings.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Sept. 21, Rev. Dr. Webb of Wellesley preached to the students, taking his text from Acts 26, verses 24 and 25: "And Festus said 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.' But he said, 'I am not mad, but speak words of truth and soberness.'"

* * *

On Tuesday, Sept. 16, the regular college work began, and, with but few exceptions, classes met as the schedules said they should. It was rather a relief than otherwise to be busy once more. Doing nothing was such hard and tiresome work that everyone was glad when nine o'clock came, and the great iron bell pounded out "Recitations." By four o'clock every former student felt that she had been back a month at least, so natural did it seem to be at work once more according to the old routine.

On Saturday evening the Freshmen had their first glimpse of social life at Wellesley. It was only a glimpse, it is true, but it served as a hint of good times in store for them, and showed that life at college is not all work and no play. Sometime during the day certain little notices had appeared upon the college doors, announcing that the Glee Club invited all to sing college songs in the gymnasium at seven o'clock. All this sounded delightfully tempting, and the hosts of girls who swarmed up the narrow little staircase to the gymnasium after dinner, gave proof that the kind invitation was generally accepted. The Glee Club grouped themselves around the piano and opened their little reception with the rollicking tra-la-lation of the Wellesley cheer. Several times it rang through the gymnasium, and the Freshmen joined the cry and felt, as they had never felt before, that they were really Wellesley students at last. After the cheer the girls all sang together. "Alma Mater," and the college boat song were the first numbers on the programme, and then all the choicest gems in the various collections of students' songs were rendered with great enthusiasm. The owl and the pussy cat took their little sail in the pea-green boat once more; the Spanish cavalier upon his guitar played a tune; the melancholy maiden mourned for her false lover in the tavern in the town; and the touching ballad about the Bangor train was sung with great feeling. After the singing, in spite of the heat and the crowded room, the girls danced, as is their custom when preparation for the next day's work does not claim them, and when the evening was over, everyone felt deeply grateful to the Glee Club for its little entertainment, and hoped that sometime in the future it would again invite the College to sing in the gymnasium.

* * *

The first of the year's concerts was given on Monday evening, Sept. 16. This was not under the auspices of the Wellesley School of Music. It was quite amateur and impromptu. It was not given in the chapel, but in the open air. In short, it was Ninety-three's welcoming serenade to Ninety-four. About half past seven the Wellesley cheer, given in a most enthusiastic manner under the college windows, proclaimed that some unlooked-for event was about to occur. With one accord everyone, even the dignified Senior, turned out her gas, and rushed to the window, prepared to enjoy a rare musical treat. The Freshmen were charmed of course. They applauded generously, and those who had flowers threw them to the fair serenaders in quite the proper fashion. So it was all highly exciting. After singing their little stock of welcoming songs to the Freshmen in the Main Hall, the Sophomores marched in dignified procession to Stone Hall to serenade the Freshmen who were there. And then, of course, in spite of the clear sunset and the rainbow promise of a fair evening, it rained. It really could n't help it. Old Prob had already been more gracious to Ninety-four and furnished for her more pleasant weather than, according to all established precedent, was advisable, and so, just to prevent her from becoming too enchanted with college life in general, he prepared to subdue her rising ardor with another shower. And the Sophomores? Well, the situation was certainly uncomfortable, but their dauntless spirits are well calculated, it is to be supposed, to rise above such a trifling obstacle as water, so they sang their little songs right bravely, in spite of the rain beating upon their heads. And everyone pronounced the concert a success. For the benefit of those who failed to hear the serenade, we print two of the songs. The first was sung to the tune "Granger John."

When Freshmen first to Wellesley's Halls
We came, not happy nor gay,
We neither sang, nor danced, nor drove dull care away·
At set of sun, with work undone,
No rest could comfort bring.
We often sat and sighed, and this is the song we sing:

Cho. Life is all a grind, yes, all a grind
'Tis to my mind.
Though many joys some find,
Yet life is all a grind.

O '94, we welcome you to joy as well as pain.
There's many a class been here before,
And many will be again.
The Freshman work we thought quite hard,
And caused us many a flunk:
We're still alive, and hope you'll be,
For this is the thought we thunk —

CHO. The life is all a grind,
Yes, all a grind, still we don't mind.
The joys that Freshmen find
Will prove its not a grind.

Song number two was sung to the tune "There is a Tavern in the Town," and contains many a choice bit of advice.

There is a College very near, very near,
And there the Freshmen now appear, now appear,
And mingle tears with laughter free,
And wish that they the Sophs might be, might be.

Oh, when the meal time comes around, comes around.
Be sure at table to be found, to be found,
For if you slight your breakfast or your tea,
You never can a Soph'more be, Soph'more be.

Then take great pains with daily work, daily work,
For Mrs. Case can't bear a shirk, bear a shirk.
The Sophomores should stand as models true,
To guide you all your journey through, journey through.

And now that lessons have begun, have begun,
Study hard, but have some fun, have some fun,
And when you wish you were at home once more
Don't fail to seek a Sophomore.

* * *

THE first entertainment of the college year—it is needless to add that the chapel was crowded. Mr. A. P. Burbank with his store of recitations grave and gay, —no wonder the evening seemed one of the shortest we have known, and that laughter held such complete sway over the audience when sadness did not reign in its stead. Professor Currier introduced the elocutionist in a happily-worded speech, saying he had come to brighten our dull days and to drive away the weariness caused by first recitations and the making of schedules. To the maiden who had devoted one long day to the writing of schedules,—having a most irregular program, —and who presented herself before the schedule committee with a roll of papers containing every possible combination of her recitation hours, this introduction appealed strongly, while the audience gave proof of their welcome in hearty applause. Down in Texas by the Rio Grande, Mr. Burbank showed us Laska, the dark-eyed, impulsive child of the wind, who suffered hunger that her lover might eat. With them, we forgot the Texas "norther," and fled at the sound of beating hoofs, the wild stampede of terrified cattle, and at the close, the living sea seemed to surge over us as it swept over Laska. In sharp contrast to this first selection, was a bit of modern dialect humor, in which a German 'neath his fair love's window attempts to drown with a serenade the "soft (?) singing of the Katy-didn'ts." It must have been indeed a heartless maiden who could listen in silence, aye, even sleep while appealed to in such tender words as, "Awake, for the cloud softly kissed the western hill!" especially when the singer continues:—"You, that western hill, and I that little cloud." The whole was delivered by Mr. Burbank with most laughable solemnity. In Miss Kellogg's "A Second Trial," Mr. Burbank showed his power of presenting the pathetic as he had already shown his command of humor. His clear tones and perfect enunciation made the timid sentences of the agitated child audible in all parts of the room. His presentation of the child's eagerness, suspense, disappointment, faith and devotion were effectingly real. Not less real was the scene from Othello, where the crafty, plotting nature of Iago was well contrasted with Cassio's honest, unsuspecting heart. A short sketch of southern life "Uncle Pete and Marse George" elicited much applause for the faithful portrait of the old negro who "was all gone inside" and expected to leave this world soon, but who, on being offered a dinner, decided with negro logic that it wasn't best to go against nature for as long as he'd got to stay and that "he guessed the excursion would be postponed." Mr. Burbank's use of expressive gestures was shown in what he designated as his heterodox bit of elocution. Had he given no explanation whatever of the piece, we should have known that he was illustrating the movements of a man with a wooden arm. The amusing gestures, not in lines of changing curve, were intensified by the song and facial expression. Another bit of humor was "Love in Oyster Bay on the Half Shell," told with much stammering, and, we might add, with a whistle. The ghost scene from "Rip Van Winkle" showed again Mr. Burbank's triple use of expression, gestures and words. Who in the audience did not pity homeless Rip who loved the old trees because they never blew him up; who did not follow with interest the gestures between Rip and the uncommunicative spirit; and who failed to see in imagination the numerous faithful copies of the little man with the pointed hat that confronted Rip at every town? "so much apart, I can't tell 'em alike" gasped he "and all of 'em dumb!" It is indeed a wonderful gift when a reader can not only put himself into his reading, but his audience also. We felt the reader's power in his adaptation of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" when we followed with hushed interest the career of Sidney Carton up to that last grand movement when he redeemed all the follies of his life in its sacrifice. A fitting close to the delightful evening was found in the familiar fifth act of "Midsummer Night's Dream." We have said familiar and yet Mr. Burbank's interpretation was so new, that had we not known the hour and a half, so short to us, was "orthodox" to him, we should have demanded an encore. As a delineator of humor, we have rarely seen Mr. Burbank's equal. The exclamation of one student that "she wouldn't have missed it for anything!" well illustrates the general pleasure experienced by his audience. We consider the season of college entertainments to have opened most auspiciously and hope to receive many visits in the future from Mr. Burbank.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Newton Centre, in August, a daughter, Katherine, to Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86.

At Mansfield, O., Aug. 4, a daughter, to Mrs. Clara Cornell Carpenter, '82.

MARRIED.

Sharp–Boies—June 25, Anna Louise Boies, '84, to Prof. Benjamin Franklin Sharpe of Randolph, Macon College, Va.

Cutter–Ford.—July 23, Harriet Ford, '84, to H. F. Cutter, principal of Mt. Hermon School, Northfield, Mass.

Warfield–Tilton.—At Natick, Mass., Aug. 28, Nellie Francis Tilton, '86, to Ethelbert D. Warfield, president of Miami University, Oxford, O.

Coleman–Robinson.—At Homer, N. Y., July 30, Emily Robinson, '86, to Edson N. Coleman.

Miss Alma E. Aumack, '84, accompanied by her sister, Miss Pauline Anmack, and Miss Annie Lord sailed August 6th on the Red Star steamer, Friesland, for Antwerp. They will spend several months in travel.

Miss Mary S. Case's permanent address for the year will be, Care of Brown, Shipley & Co., Founder's Court, E. C., London, Eng.

Miss Julia Bissell, '85, will study medicine this year in the Medical College at Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Damon, '86, who graduated from the Medical College in New York last year, has received an appointment in one of the New York hospitals.

Miss Mary Orton, '90, is at the College Settlement in New York.

Miss Angie Peck, '90, is teaching in the family of Vice-President Morton.

Miss Susan Wade Peabody, '86, has been spending a couple of weeks at the College.

Miss Ada Wing, '86, has accepted a position as teacher of Botany and Zoology in the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, O., and Miss Caroline Fletcher, '89, will teach Greek and Philosophy in the same institution. The teachers of this Seminary form quite a Wellesley colony, as Miss McKee, '86, is the principal, and Miss Mary L. Wheeler, '88, and Miss Penelope Hendrick, formerly a special student at the college, are also on the faculty.

New Positions for year 1890–'91.

Miss Delia Taylor, '82, High School, Malden, Mass.

Miss Alice Ames, '86, Mrs. Shaw's School in Boston, Mass.

Miss Florence Hoffman, student at College, '86-'88, High School, Circleville, O.

Miss Olive Parsons, student at College, '86-'87, Normal School, Minn.

Miss Marion Lyford, '88, Union Baptist Seminary, St. Martin, New Brunswick.

Miss Helen Nourse, '89, High School, Norwood, Mass.

Miss Jane P. Mitchell, '89, Mississippi State University.

Miss Louise Magone, '89, High School, Pass Christian, Miss.

Misses Mabel Godfrey, '90, and Ethel Glover, '90, High School, Washington, D. C.

Miss Mabel G. Curtis, '90, High School, Westboro, Mass.

Miss Mabel Manson, '90, Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

Miss Helen Clark, '90, and Miss Ruth Strong, '90, High School, La Crosse, Wis.

Miss Katherine Morse, '90, High School, Woodstock, Vt.

Miss Florence E. May, '90, A Keley Institute, Grand Haven, Mich.

Miss S. Lena Bass, '90, High School, Plainfield, N. J.

Miss Anne L. Bosworth, '90, is teaching at Amesbury, Mass.

Miss Annie M. Smith, '90, Groton, Mass.

Jessie E. Allen, B. A., '87, Kirkwood Seminary, Kirkwood, Mo.

Alice D. Adams, B. A , '86, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Margaret T. Algoe, B. S., '88, High School, Flint, Mich.

Fanny T. Brown, B. S., '88, Preceptress, Mt. Whitney Institute, Stephentown, N. Y.

Sarah L. Bennett, Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.

Clara L. Bacon, B. A., '90, Leitchfield, Ky.

Alice C. Baldwin, B. A., '90, High School, Morristown, New Jersey.

Lena H. Brown, B. S. '90, Mrs. Potter's School, Natick.

Fanny T. Bugbee, High School, Athol, Mass.

Bertha Bailey, B. S., '88, Miss Mittleberger's School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Harriet L. Constantine, B. A., '89, High School, Worcester, Mass.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE administration of Rev. J. H. Seelye as President of Amherst College, closes this fall. Dr. Merrill Edwards of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., will be the new president. This is a source of regret to Oberlin, which had extended him the same honor.

DURING the summer several changes have been made at Yale. The old Cabinet Building, which contained the reading room, has been torn down. Three large elm trees on the campus have been cut down to make room for the erection of a new dormitory. Considerable progress has been made in the building of the new gymnasium, which is to be the finest college gymnasium in the United States.

THE white students of the Law, Medical, and Dental departments of the University of Maryland sent a petition to the faculty, protesting against the admission of any colored students to the Law School. The Law School is determined to have no more colored students.

WITH the incoming year, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., starts on a new career of greatly enlarged possibilities. The new building, spacious and complete, will be one of the most thorougly adapted and scientifically arranged educational buildings in the country. With its front of 140 feet, two wings of 160 feet each, and great Norman tower, it is imposing in effect.

THE incoming classes, in the various departments of Yale University, are, as usual, larger than any that have entered in preceeding years. The freshmen classes in the academic and scientific departments, alone, number 420. The whole number of students in the university has increased at the rate of over one hundred a year for the past five years, and now amounts to about 1600.

THE fund of $100,000 which is being raised to enable the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University to hasten the opening of the new medical school and insure therein an equal opportunity for women, is receiving notable additions from Boston. A committee of Boston ladies has been formed to arouse interest in the matter and to receive subscriptions.

THE Boston University had, last year, eight ladies in attendance. Improvements have been in preparation and a great increase is expected this year.

OUR EXCHANGES.

AMOR BREVIS.

Down a country byway walking,
To myself quite idly talking,
Saw I there a maiden, rocking
In a hammock soft and slow.
Sylphlike form and curves enchanting,
Round white arm uplifted slanting,
Slender foot her slipper planting
On the soft green turf below.

'Tis some ancient classic vision!
Goddess, nymph, from realms Elysian.
Summoned by some great magician
To this busy earth awhile,
Face intelligence proclaimlng,
But was checked my heart's inflaming
On the rich red lips exclaming,
"Like ice cream? Well I should smile."

—*The Dartmouth.*

I'd been waiting to tell her all summer,
That for her above all did I care,
I'd been longing to win it right from her
That ours was to be "an affair."

I had passed as an athlete from college,
Grown loquacious on base ball technique,
Till her interest in that sort of knowledge
Made me dare in enigmas to speak.

So after explaining, with intrigue,
Which I now think she quite understood,
I whispered, "Let us form a life league"
But she said she preferred "*brotherhood.*"

—*Trinity Tablet.*

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Much we argued, much contended,
How man's knowledge first begun.
She was one of Boston's fair ones,
I was Harvard's favored son.

She with Herbert Spenser sided,
From experience all we knew;
I protested, hotly argued,
Man had intuitions, too.

Never mind what proofs I brought her,
She, exploding fallacies,
Said, "experience the foundation
Of all knowledge surely is."

As we walked the beach by moonlight
Bolder and more bold I grew,
Till I asked her "Should I kiss you,
What then, think you would you do?"

Bright she blushed and glancing downward
At the foam's white brilliancies,
Said, "experience the foundation
Of all knowledge surely is."

—*The Dartmouth.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

INTERESTED VISITOR (pausing before the picture "Knowledge is Power" in the Faculty Parlor,)—Ah! sweetly idealistic!—"Daniel in the Lion's Den," I suppose.

SYMPATHETIC SOPHOMORE: I wonder what my Freshman is a-doing about this time?

ADVANCED FRESHMAN: Probably not *a*-doing but *be*dewing.

PUZZLED MAIDEN: Do any of you know what a Tonsorial Parlor is?

STUDENT OF PHYSIOLOGY: Why it is that part of the throat in which the tonsuls are located.

OLD COUNTRYMAN, (as the train stops at Wellesley,) See the women getting off here. Wonder what's going on!

HIS COMPANION: Must be a Womens' Convention.

FRESHMAN (timidly to Senior): Will you please tell me where I can find Thomas?

SENIOR: (hesitatingly,) Thomas? I really think I do not know him.

FRESHMAN: The one who drives the coach, you know.

SENIOR: (gaspingly) Oh! yes! you'll find him in the general office.

THE following is a warning given by a Wellesley girl in the hope of keeping her little sister from playing near the water.

"A little girl,
A pond of water,
A splash of mud
And no little daughter."

In response to a gentle reminder of a promised contribution, the Literary Editor received the following reply:—

'Twas Pegasus, the winged steed,
And a mortal with a soul of lead,
And *she* would aloft through the upper air,
But *he* would not be led.

"Now Pegasus, thou beauteous beast,
O, fly with me I pray!"
But Peggy shook his shining mane,
And answered her "Nay, Nay!"

She lured him with the clover green
And with a wisp of hay,
But the winged steed continued still
To answer with a *neigh*.

An apple sweet she brought him then,
And patted him galore,
But still he said, a soul of lead
I never, never bore.

At last a halter stern she brought
And caught the fiery steed,
She mounted and with whip and spur
She touched his heart indeed.

He spread his wings as if for flight,
About a foot rose he,
But her leaden weight was too much for him,
And they fell most wofullee.

Would'st know the meaning, O fair maid,
Of this wonderful tale I tell?
The fiery steed and the leaden soul
Thou knowest, I ween, full well.

The clover green and the wisp of hay,
And the apple sweet and rare,
O, tnese are ideas, romantic and fine,
Of which I had plenty to spare.

But the halter stern, my dear, you'll learn
It came from your own little pate,
For I found it this morn in the note you sent,
Where of "promises" you prate.

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